

Marble Hill Press.

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MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI.

Wherever Perry is, he is probably keeping cool.

A Persian parliament suggests that the lamp be filled with an electric bulb.

In Paris the "man with the muck-rake" is known as "the man with the dusting sword."

The Chicago professor who contends that woman was made before man fails to explain where the rib came from.

Another way of making children good by surgery might be to perform an operation on the skull of an occasional parent.

Some bankers owe it to themselves to take pains to have themselves suspected long before the bank examiners suspect them.

Prof. Thomsen need not think to claim originality for his idea that bread be made of the wool. Bernard Shaw beat him to it.

A pin which a New Albany girl swallowed nine years ago has been recovered, thus showing conclusively where one of 'em went, anyhow.

"On various occasions," says Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "I have lived for eight weeks on nothing but milk and prunes." A good, cooling diet, too.

The chief of police of Seattle has ordered all prize fighters to leave that town or go to work. Cruel man! Perhaps the poor fighters are too strong to work.

Fewer matrimonial mistakes would be made if everyone had the foresight of the man who exacted a pre-nuptial contract limiting the future alimony to one dollar a week.

It is announced that the lady bathers at Atlantic City now wear socks and show their bare legs from knee to ankle. The doctrine of equal rights appears to be growing some at Atlantic City.

Mark Twain has bought a fine piece of land in Connecticut and will build a \$30,000 house on it. Mr. Clemens seems to be almost as prosperous as he might be if he had written one of the six best sellers.

The gawk of Baroda forgot the cables, but he will remember them when he meets a number of American ladies in Europe who have a few remarks to offer concerning his opinions of the American woman's grace and beauty.

Government clerks use 1,117,442 lead pencils a year. Each clerk is allowed one pencil every eight days. That's nothing; an ordinary newspaper reporter can use up a pencil every eight hours and be ready to tackle a new one next day.

Lighter and brighter shades are in demand for blocks and trimmings in women's millinery, according to local dealers. Prices, though, may be expected to look just as heavy and gloomy to the husbands and fathers as formerly.

Last year the trade of the United States with its outlying possessions reached \$119,000,000, the growth in our exports amounting to 20 per cent. Porto Rico shows up especially well, which proves that the island is getting its share in American prosperity.

Certain Cuban military officers became dissatisfied because President Palma limited their professional opportunities by keeping the number of regular troops down to the minimum. So they started an insurrection just to show Mr. Palma that he needs more troops.

Bootblacks on the Hoboken ferry boats wear caps on top of which are gold letters in the injunction that they must not solicit shaves. This order was made some time ago by the company on complaints of passengers who were annoyed by the young sons of Italy yelling "Shine up! Shine up!" The boys now evade this order, says the New York Globe, by going to each passenger and silently pointing to his shoes as though he ought to be reminded that they were dirty and that the bootblack needed a job. Some passengers have become exasperated at this renewal of a nuisance in another form and threaten all sorts of reprisals if they are not permitted to persecute their newspapers in peace.

A New York man who is 65 years old plunged into the river and rescued a boy who was drowning in the strong current near Hell Gate. If this does not make Dr. Oeder sit up and take notice, what will?

Miss Pauline Coska, of Chicago, followed a man around the world and finally made him marry her. She refused to accept his "Nay, nay, Pauline."

An eastern railroad has just put in service an all-steel, collision-proof, fireproof and largely soundproof car. A thousand of these new cars will be in service when the New York tunnel is completed. The car of the future must be as safe as engineering science can make it, and people who lose their lives in them, if they insist on it, must die of heart failure from fright or shock when the car rolls over an embankment.

One of the serious comments upon the career of the late actor, Toole, is that he could make Englishmen laugh.

It seems a geographical mistake that the word "skidoo" should have suddenly made its appearance in the United States in the presence of the Russian palaces and parliamentary halls.

A Pennsylvania girl is going to South Africa to learn the monkey language. Has she found the Pennsylvania language inadequate to the full expression of her thoughts?

Philadelphia has ruled that a girl is no longer a girl when she passes 25. But no girl ever passes 35, so there.

So many men are demanding to be put into prison that an impression may arise that it is easier to get food and lodging in that way than to stay outside and struggle with the landlords and the food monopolies.

Perhaps some kind Christian nation, seeing that she sultan is suffering from a chill, will hand him an ultimatum to warm him up a bit.

There is something a bit topsy-turvy about the morals of the banker in whose accounts rare boys and bets hold a conspicuous place.

BRYAN SAYS

WILL NOT LOWER DISCUSSION WITH SULLIVAN TO PERSONALITIES.

LEAVE IT TO DEMOCRATS

The Nebraska Reiterates That a Man Can Not Serve a Corporation and the People at the Same Time.

Lincoln, Nebraska. — The reply of William J. Bryan to the statement of Roger Sullivan, of Chicago, has been given out. Mr. Bryan said that he would not lower the discussion with Mr. Sullivan to one of personal controversy. The text of his reply follows:

"In his speech before the Jefferson club in Chicago on the evening of September 4, Mr. Bryan referred to the case of Mr. Roger Sullivan, democratic national committeeman from Illinois. Mr. Sullivan has replied in a statement quite characteristic of the man and his methods, but he will not be permitted to lower this discussion to the level of a personal controversy. The public is not interested in Mr. Sullivan's views of Mr. Bryan, any more than it would be interested in Mr. Sullivan's views concerning Mr. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan is the democratic national committeeman from Illinois, holding his office by virtue of unfair methods. This matter was presented to the St. Louis convention, and the evidence would have convinced the convention that the delegates feared the effect of an adverse decision upon the presidential candidates whom they were pledged to support. If Mr. Sullivan disputes the assertion that a considerable majority of the delegates to the Springfield convention were opposed to him, he can fight the question out with the Majority League of Illinois, which would doubtless accommodate him.

Leave it to the Democrats.

"As Mr. Bryan has not asked for a nomination, and has not announced that he will be a candidate, he will not submit the question whether he should be a candidate to Mr. Sullivan or any body of citizens less numerous than the members of the democratic party of the United States. Neither can the question as to whether Mr. Sullivan be re-elected to the national committee be submitted to the members of a committee already adjourned. Such a decision would have no binding force. The question must be submitted to the democratic party of Illinois, when they meet to select delegates to the next national convention, and Mr. Sullivan will not be permitted to dodge the issue that is raised against him. He is officially connected with a favor-seeking, franchise-holding corporation, and the question is whether the democratic organization should be paralyzed by the influence of men whose private interest make it impossible for them to be guardians of the public.

"This is the issue," says Mr. Bryan. "In speaking of the Sullivan case at Chicago, Mr. Bryan said: 'I hold that no man who is officially connected with a corporation that is seeking privileges ought to act as a member of a political organization, because he can not represent his corporation and the people at the same time. He can not serve the public while he is seeking to promote the financial interests of the corporation with which he is connected.'

"This is the issue. Before the trust question became the dominant one, it was not so important what a man's corporate connections were, but when this question is the supreme question of the hour, the party organization must be above suspicion, and the democratic party of Illinois, and all other states, are invited to inspect the connections of those who aspire to the position of party managers. The people can not be fooled, and the party that attempts to fool them is sure to learn of its mistake when the votes are counted.

What Mr. Bryan Will Urge.

"Mr. Bryan will urge the democratic party to put itself in a position where it can fight boldly and persistently for the regulation of such corporations as are not monopolistic, and for the prevention of any private monopoly whatever. To this end the organization must be composed of men who are free to act for the public, and not tied by personal interests to corporations which are seeking favor at the public's expense."

Mr. Bryan at Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—Introduced by Mayor E. J. Dempsey, and speaking from a stand erected over the diamond of a Cincinnati ball park, W. J. Bryan addressed an immense audience, which occupied all the seats in the grand stand, and several thousand additional chairs.

Will Speak at Memphis.

Memphis, Tennessee.—An announcement was made Thursday that William J. Bryan has accepted an invitation to speak here the morning of September 25.

New Mexico Democrats.

Santa Fe, N. M., Sept. 14.—After being in session 26 hours, the democratic territorial convention nominated O. A. Larraneta, of Las Vegas, as its delegate to congress. Bryan and joint staidhold endorsed.

Won't Run on Hearst Ticket.

Syracuse, New York.—Mr. George A. Butler, master of the State grange, who was nominated by the Independent league convention at New York for state treasurer, says he will decline.

Mrs. Rose E. Riggs, granted divorce at Palmyra, Mo., immediately became a bride.

Elmer D. Bacon, aged 91, died at Meigs, Minn. He was born in Toga, Pa., and came to Illinois in 1838.

Rudolph Limberg, secretary Columbia Brewing Co., St. Louis, died in Paris, France.

John J. Ryan, in playing a practical joke, is accidentally locked in a coffin at Cincinnati. His wife became so frightened that she was made ill.

More earthquake shocks felt in Chile and Peru.

PALMA HAS CALLED A HALT

CUBAN GOVERNMENT STOPS FIGHTING.

When Secretary Arrives They Can Say They Have Followed the President's Advice.

Havana, Cuba. — The government is making final strenuous efforts to restore peace in Cuba and thus avoid any kind of American intervention. The object of these endeavors, it is stated, is that it may be able to say by the time Secretary of War Taft and Acting Secretary of State Bacon arrive that peace already has been secured, and that there is no need for the American government's intervention, either to restore peace, or insure permanent tranquility.

Following Roosevelt's Advice.

Members of the government say that they are making the efforts in accordance with the advice contained in President Roosevelt's letter; that they have no objection to the friendly assistance of the United States in the matter, if it becomes necessary, but that they believe they can settle it between the government and the revolutionists without the necessity of any intervention. At least they say they are making an attempt to accomplish this unaided, and with fair prospects of success.

This is the latest phase of a rapidly changing situation that developed when an extraordinary decree signed by President Palma, on the recommendation of the secretary of public works, Monrovia. The decree follows:

"All campaign operations are suspended, and in consequence the government forces will act only on the defensive throughout the republic. The secretary of the interior will issue all the necessary orders for the execution of this decree."

Caused Great Surprise.

The decree caused great surprise, as it was believed to signify a change of heart by the government officials, who for the past two days have been strongly against taking up peace overtures with the emissaries of the revolutionists. This action had its beginning by Gen. Menocal's effort in visiting Secretary Monrovia, and urging him to make the strongest possible endeavor to induce President Palma to comply with President Roosevelt's advice, and avoid the consequences of intervention by requesting a truce, and endeavoring to have the Cubans themselves come to an agreement.

How It Was Brought About.

Secretary Monrovia and Gen. Menocal first visited Jose Miguel Gueses and others of the alleged conspirators in the prison, and found them willing to co-operate in securing peace. The basis of peace was not discussed in any detail, but Secretary Monrovia returned to the palace and urged President Palma to consider the matter. The president called a conference, which was attended by the ministers, Vice-President Mendes Capote, General Freyre and Andrade and Senator Dolz. The result of this conference was the issuance of the decree suspending governmental campaign operations.

Prisoners Liberated.

Simultaneously with the issuance of the decree declaring a cessation of hostilities, the special judge in charge of the cases against the alleged conspirators in prison, and prisoners recently captured, liberated 30 of the latter against whom indictments had been issued.

TAFT AND BACON OFF FOR CUBA.

They Will Embark at Tampa, Fla., for Havana.

Washington.—Secretary of War Taft and Assistant Secretary of State Bacon left Washington Sunday afternoon for Tampa, Fla., to embark on a naval vessel there for Havana, in accordance with the instruction of President Roosevelt, to ascertain the exact political situation. Other members of the party were Frank G. Rockwell, stenographer to Secretary Taft; Henry Newcomb, private secretary to Assistant Secretary Bacon; Capt. F. R. McCoy, the president's military aide; P. L. Cairns, surveyor of the port of Manila; Jose Macias, a Spanish interpreter from the insular bureau, and two messengers. The party is due to arrive at Fort Tampa at ten o'clock tonight.

"BOY BROKER" SUICIDES.

Youth Who Made a Fortune Threw Himself Under a Car.

New York. — Charles A. Wilson, aged 22 years, known as the "Boy Broker," and said to have made a fortune as a curb broker in Wall street, threw himself under the wheels of a trolley car at Fort Lee, N. J., Saturday night, receiving injuries from which he died. The body was identified Sunday. Wilson but recently recovered from a fever.

STEAMSHIP MONGOLIA AGROUND.

Sister of the Manchuria on Midway Reef, in the North Pacific.

Midway Island, North Pacific Ocean. — The Pacific mail steamship Mongolia, a sister ship of the Manchuria, is aground on Midway reef. The ship is being lighted, and her passengers are being landed safely. The weather is fine and the sea smooth.

SEVEN KILLED, MANY INJURED.

Lightning Explodes a Powder Magazine in France.

Montaucon, France. — Lightning exploded the powder magazine at the fort here. Seven persons were killed and many injured.

The Manchuria Floated.

Honolulu. — The steamship Manchuria, which went ashore on Rabbit Island, August 20, has been floated.

A PHILADELPHIA FINANCIER.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Mr. John H. Michener, prominent in financial circles, president of the clearinghouse association, president of the Bank of North America, and the oldest member of the board of city trusts, is dead.

Killed Babe, Shot Wife, Killed Self.

Norman, Okla. — James Snyder, a young farmer near here, killed his six-week-old baby girl, mortally wounded his wife and blew the top off his head. He had been acting strangely of late.

There's a reason.

The Age of Machinery.

We live in the age of machinery. The thinking, directing mind becomes daily of more account, while mere brawn falls correspondingly in value from day to day. That is the philosophy of the age, says in one of his essays, "where a machine will do better work than the human hand, we prefer to let the machine do the work."

It has been but a few years since the cotton gin, the "spinning Jenny" and the power loom displaced the hand picker, the spinning wheel and the hand loom; since the reaper and binder, the road and the plow, the moving machine took the place of the old cradle, scythe, pitchfork and hand rake; since the friction match superseded the flint and tinder; since the modern paint factory replaced the slab and muller, the paint pot and paddles.

In every case where machinery has been introduced to replace hand labor, the laborer has resented the change; and so the workers have organized and the farm laborers have organized against the new-fangled looms, sewing machines and agricultural implements, so in recent times compositors have protested against type-setting machines, glass blowers against bottle blowing machines, and painters against ready mixed paints. And as in the case of these short-sighted classes of earlier days, so with their imitators of to-day, the protest will be in vain. It is a protest against civilization, against the common weal, against their own welfare.

The history of all mechanical improvements shows that workmen are the first to be benefited by them. The invention of the sewing machine, instead of throwing thousands of women out of employment, increased the number of women who have been employed, at better wages, for shorter hours, and easier work where hundreds before worked in laborious misery to eke out a pitiable existence. It was so with spinning and weaving machinery, with agricultural implements—in fact, it is so with every notable improvement.

The multiplication of looms in the last decade is a direct result of the invention of the type machinery and fast press. The mixed paint industry, in which carefully designed paints for house painting are prepared on a large scale by special machinery, is another improvement of the same type. The cheapness and general excellence of these products has so stimulated the consumption of paint that the demand for the services of painters has correspondingly multiplied. Before the advent of these goods a well-painted house was noticeable from its rarity, whereas to-day an ill-painted house is conspicuous.

Nevertheless, the painters, as a rule, following the example set by the weavers, the sempstresses and the farm laborers of old, almost to a man, oppose the improvement. It is a real improvement, however, and simply because of the fact that the sale of such products has increased until during the present year it will fall not far short of 90,000,000 or 100,000,000 gallons.

Hindsight is always better than foresight, and most of us who deplore the short-sightedness of our ancestors would do well to see that we do not in turn furnish "terrible examples" to our posterity.

Bismarck Hated Monuments.

Reinhold Begas, probably the greatest German sculptor, has passed his seventy-fifth birthday. Two weeks before Bismarck's death Begas appeared at Friedrichshagen to get a final impression of Germany's most striking figure before beginning work on the great Bismarck monument voted by the reichstag. When Begas started his mission Bismarck replied: "Gott, why do you wish to set me a great monument? Represent me as being on crutches!"

FINDS VIRTUE IN OLD CLOTHES.

Men's Garments Shaped to the Figure by Age Catch Artist's Eye.

To the eye of the artist the garments of the modern man are only tolerable when age has adapted them somewhat to the lines of the figure; to the average artist a new suit of clothes is an abomination.

"It is not only that new clothes are more ugly than old," said a knight of the palette who discussed the question; "to my mind no one can be properly easy or graceful in them."

"I never feel that I properly know a man until I meet him wearing an old suit. Certainly no man can be old, but a natural self in evening dress."

"I have noticed again and again how different the same people are when wearing different clothes. I went, for instance, to a large family gathering some time ago, and for some reason everybody had donned felt evening dresses. The difference it made! We were all on terms of intimate friendship, but somehow the clothes brought in an element of coldness and formality. We all felt it—even the women, although, of course, the fair sex are not easily persuaded of the merits of well-worn garments. But no man who has discovered the ease and comfort of them would readily give them up. As for the attitude side of modern clothes, it only comes when they have mellowed by use!"

WELL PEOPLE TOO

Wise Doctor Gives Postum to Convalescents.

A wise doctor tries to give nature its best chance by saving the little strength of the already exhausted patient, and building up wasted energy with simple but powerful nourishment.

"Five years ago," writes a doctor, "I commenced to use Postum in my own family instead of coffee. I was so well pleased with the results that I had two grocers place it in stock, guaranteeing its sale."

"I then commenced to recommend it to my patients in place of coffee, as a nutritious beverage. The consequence is, every store in town is now selling it, as it has become a household necessity in many homes."

"I'm sure I prescribe Postum as often as any other remedy in the Materia Medica—in almost every case of indigestion and nervousness I treat, and with the best results."

"There is one introduction it into a family. It is quite sure to come. I shall continue to use it and prescribe it in families where I practice."

"In convalescence from pneumonia, typhoid fever and other diseases, I give it as a liquid, easily absorbed diet. You may use my letter as a reference any way you see fit." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in place of a reason.

Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED

Early in the evening he had danced with her a slow, and stately measure, as was his fashion. He did not ask her again, but—well, he would do so, he thought, as in a whirl of lace and feathers she swept past him, leaving a faint breath of the ghost of roses, crushed years ago, in the folds of that soft, old gown.

Just then, from the embrasure of a nearby window, he heard a voice say: "I guess they are none too ardent partiers; the father lost everything in Virginia, and I heard it was because of some personal animosity begotten as long ago as '76. It seems he came of an unpopulous family—all strong torments. The enemies made then have followed him all these years, and finally accomplished his ruin. He had to get out of the state. His wife and daughter are following."

Another voice added, "From what I can learn, the girl and her mother are just as bad; rank Tories, yet, I'll be sworn."

The first speaker laughed. "It isn't likely the girl was born until long after the war."

"Maybe not, but if she has any sympathies they're told to me the least. Why, she, herself, told me that the dress she has on is one her mother wore at the Mecklenburg, and she added that Mr. Creighton danced with her at the Mecklenburg."

At this moment Winslow let his presence be known, and one of the soldiers exclaimed haughtily: "A listener, sir."

There was insult in his manner, but Winslow held himself in check. "An unwilling listener, I assure you," he said, and would have passed on, but the soldier—on a side on the commandant's staff, barred his way. "Unwilling to be caught, you mean. No, sir; this is all of a piece with your friends parading in the streets, who were worst in insult to the flag."

Winslow interrupted him with a scornful laugh. "Are you not unrolling a long-buried past, sir? What possible excuse can there be for the use of the word 'tory' now? It ceased to have meaning when the king came to be."

"Indeed!" sneered the other, "but the sentiment lives in some hearts, and fostered it will be so long as there breathes an Aaron Burr, or one of his spies!"

Winslow's impulse was to dash his glove in the speaker's face, but the dramatic effect was with him, subversive to the proprieties, and he was opposed to a scene. Instead, therefore, he quietly dropped the glove, as if by accident at his opponent's feet. The look in his eyes admitted of no mistake as to his meaning.

"I have time to place you, sir," he said, and left the group.

When he had gone, the soldiers exchanged glances, partly of amusement, but more of chagrin. There was a strict rule in the camp against dueling, so that if a combatant escaped the sword or bullet of his antagonist, the guardhouse or loss of rank awaited him. Neither was a pleasing prospect, and the soldier had much ado to hide his face when a cloak of bravado. Worse still, the very name of Aaron Burr struck terror to the heart of a duelist, and this man had provoked was connected with him—perhaps shared his prowess. The thought made him wince. His companion read his fright under the assumption of indifference. "Cheer up, old man, if your sword is rusty be careful how you insult Aaron Burr or one of his followers. This man may be a spy."

"May be?" I tell you he is! Sent here ostensibly on the fool's errand to protect these women, but in reality to look the ground over and lay plans for the capture of the fort. It's all as plain as a pikestaff. I won't take back my word. My sword isn't rusty, and danged if I don't prove it to-morrow."

Winslow left the two men with eyes aching. His mouth, usually curved in a ready smile, was set now, and hard. Near the door Mrs. Creighton stopped him: "Whither, my friend?" she said lightly. Then, as she scrutinized his face: "Why, how solemn you look. Has anything happened?"

Winslow's brow cleared in an attempted smile. "I am only grieving that I am not that lucky cavalier on the parade ground, that I am not here to save the last minute for me? Command her by your maternal authority or I shall never get it."

With this subterfuge he excused himself and went on to the veranda, glad to be alone.

Mrs. Creighton slipped along the edge of the circle of dancers until she found a convenient chair in the embrasure where Winslow had encountered the soldier. She was in time to hear most of the conversation that followed his departure, and her quick wit discerned its meaning. A duel! Then Charles had given or received a challenge. No matter which was the aggressor, there was not time for blame of argument. A duel! She grasped the arm of the chair for support. Then as the men walked away, she sank to the seat with the final words ringing in her ears. "My sword isn't rusty, and danged if I don't prove it to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Then she had a few hours in which to act. But it might be at sunrise. They usually select the rise or set of sun for such unholy rites, she thought, with a shiver of disdain. Her first impulse was to go to Winslow, but that she discarded; as would think her selfishly fearful! Is there a protector, would believe she was without seat for his divorce. To him, then, she dared not appeal. To his antagonist! Her own spirit rose against the thought. The commander—Col. Mitchell, himself! To him she must present the case, that he might step the dreadful hazard.

The Political Ladies.

The political ladies are not making revolutions; they are making a routine. The report of every meeting will say, in a fixed formula, "The minutes have been read and confirmed and the ladies elected, the business of the meeting began." It will be put on the agenda as a regular thing. At last it will become a quasi old ceremonial. A woman will be technically assaulted to make a meeting valid.—Illustrated London News.

Woman's Status Raised.

The last century has done much for woman. It has taught the thinking world that woman is more than property, more than a toy, more than a home-made creature, and that she is to be man's comrade and his source of highest inspiration—a soul that loves and awakens love—that divine spark which makes the whole world one.

Chapter of Accidents.

Pain's train, Copthorne, was burned to the ground yesterday. On receiving the call the Crawley fire brigade started ringing the alarm bell, which broke and crashed down on the roof. When the brigade arrived at the fire it was found that the nearest water was nearly half a mile away, and when eventually the connection was made the hose burst.—London Express.

In the pause between dances she went to Lavender.

"Save the last minute for Mr. Winslow, daughter," she commanded.

"But, mother, he did not ask me for it in time; I am engaged to Lieut. Crosby."

"Never mind, break the promise, and when Mr. Winslow returns to the room remind him of his dance with you."

Then, as the girl drew herself up in haughty astonishment, "I have an especial reason, dear, for wishing that he remain in the ballroom through the rest of the evening. Detain him if you can."

She ended with a look of meaning which puzzled Lavender, and made her nervous and preoccupied for the remainder of the dance.

Mrs. Creighton at once sought out the commander, whom she found enjoying a quiet bottle with some chosen friends. The latter were, however, not a whit disturbed at his departure, since he left the decanters behind.

Excusing himself, he joined Mrs. Creighton in the ante-room.

"Pardon the interruption, Col. Mitchell; I want to consult you on an important matter. I have just learned that one of your officers—an aid, I believe—is to fight a duel to-morrow."

"A duel! The devil!" roared the colonel. Then, "I beg pardon, ma'am, but what in—mean what on earth are they going to do that for? And who are the fools that fight?"

"The name of the officer I do not know, but he is the one I see frequently riding with you in the morning; he seems a favorite of yours," she added, wisely.

"West, I'll be bound. Why, d—n the rascal, he's the only man on the staff who can mix a toddy. Egad, I can't part with West. And who's the other—four foot? I beg pardon, who is to be his opponent?"

"My friend, Mr. Winslow."

The colonel gave a low whistle. "The deuce you say! Is he a good shot? Or will they use swords?" he asked, earnestly, in spite of discipline, by the soldier's lust for fighting.

With a shiver of disgust, Mrs. Creighton replied, quickly: "With neither, I hope. I rely upon you for the honor of the garrison, no less than for the sake of humanity, to stop this miserable affair."

"Yes, oh, yes—of course; it must not be permitted; it shall not proceed," he declared, pompously, warning of a sense of his own threatened dignity.

Mrs. Creighton told all she knew, adding: "I heard no particulars, and am only sure of the one fact, that Mr. Winslow was the challenger, and that the soldier—Mr. West, as you say, called him a spy. There was, probably, too, some allusion to Aaron Burr, which my friend construed as an insult. I glean, further, that this Mr. West is suspicious of our presence here at the fort. This idea, grounded as it is, we must take swift pains to remedy."

The last sentence, with its slight touch of hauteur, failed to impress the commander, who, fuming and fuming, gave a few sharp orders to subordinates. Then he turned to her:

"I am much obliged to you, Mrs. Creighton, for this information. The call is nearly over. I have given orders for the appearance in this room, at its close, of the parties concerned. Do you care to wait here and see the result?"

Mrs. Creighton kept her seat, awaiting developments.

The colonel excused himself, and for a few moments sat alone, watching the door. It was suddenly opened—the man whom she heard denouncing Winslow entered, and after him his companion. The latter, unaware of her presence, gave vent to a volley of conjectures as to the cause of the summons.

Upon a discovery of the lady's presence he flung himself down, muttering low.

Shortly after, Winslow appeared in the doorway, with Lavender on his arm. "Why, mother," the latter said, gaily, "how solemn you look! And Lieut. West? Ah, then, perhaps we are called as witnesses in a court-martial?"